

Star Wars: the Zelot Incursion

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Summary: With the fires of war already raging across the galaxy, few suspected that things could possibly become worse. That changes when a massive and strange armada appears to show them what a true inferno is like. Now the galaxy must set aside old grudges and fight to contain a wrath unlike any in living memory: that of the Zelot's War.

Star Wars: the Zelot Incursion

The view from the bridge's observation window should have been breathtaking. The left was dominated by the planet of Illios II, its crystalline-blue oceans and violet flora stretched to the curve of the horizon, marred only by a few greyish deserts and the sprawling cities that marked it as a bastion of civilization among the backwaters of the Outer Rim. To the right, nothing but deep space with the system's blue-giant sun the only feature distinguishable from the glittering expanse of stars beyond. Finally, sandwiched between the two were dozens of interstellar craft the greatest of which reached nearly three kilometers in length, and innumerable orbital stations which stretched far larger. The sight of such a testament to the will and ingenuity of the galaxy ought to have made even the most outrageous of egos feel humbled.

Were the occasion anything but what it was, it probably would have, but all Obi-wan Kenobi felt was sick and tired. Sick of the way conflict had tainted this stunning vista, making the cities below belch smoke from constant battle and replacing the traffic of peaceful commuters and entrepreneurs with warships that spat fire and death at each other and tore centuries' worth of satellites into so much debris, sick of the Separatist Alliance that served as the paper-thin disguise the power-hungry Sith now used in their eternal war with the Jedi, and tired, oh so tired of the part he played, no matter how justified, in meeting their mechanical armies and fleets with forces of his own and bringing ruin to whatever came between them. That he betrayed no sign of his weariness was thanks mostly to his training as both a general of the Grand Army of the Republic and

a Jedi Knight.

But it was also credited, however much he wished to deny it, to his eagerness to destroy the figure with whom he now locked gazes through the fire, smoke, lasers and rubble of a hundred kilometers of war-torn space: the Sith Lord, Count Duku. As a military genius and leading figure of the so-called Confederacy of Independent Systems, eliminating Duku would be a terrible blow to them and bring the Clone Wars one step closer to ending. When an anonymous source told the Republic that he would be personally taking a small battle fleet to this relatively-unimportant system on the edge of Separatist-held space, Kenobi had been the only general in position.

Never mind that it turned out to be a trap and the Count's fleet roughly equaled the Jedi's own. What mattered was that Obi-wan could feel Duku's presence in the enemy fleet. Such an opportunity was not likely to come again, and as much as he hated sacrificing troops, seizing it was worth any price in ships or clones. Even if Count Duku fled, it would mean another system had been liberated from Separatist tyranny. As long as the Republic claimed victory, it would all be worth it.

"General Kenobi, Sir," a clone called from his console. The urgency in his voice immediately grabbed the Jedi's attention, and he strode up as the trooper continued.

"Sir, the scanners are picking up some sort of spatial anomalies, about three hundred klicks out. I've never seen anything like them or the ships they're spitting out, but the computers say they're exit points for sub-space jumps."

Obi-wan furrowed his brow in confusion as the battle plot lit up with new contacts. "Sub-space? But no-one's even produced sub-space engines in centuries, and the dangers of sub-space travel are practically mythical. Who would be mad enough to risk that?"

"I don't know, sir, but whoever they are, they've brought a lot of friends."

Indeed, that could have easily been the understatement of all history. In scant moments the number of new ships had already surpassed the Republic and Separatist fleets combined. Their various curved, bulging purple hulls were unlike any ship known to the Galactic Database, and some of them dwarfed even the largest dreadnaughts. "Call everyone back to the ships," the Jedi ordered as the mystery armada swelled into the hundreds. "And bring the hyperdrive online; we might have to leave in a hurry."

The tension of the following minutes could block a lightsabre. Fighter squadrons split from their dogfights and escaped unhassled as their droid counterparts followed suit, evidence the Count Duku had come to a similar conclusion. Meanwhile, the flow of incoming warships slowed to a halt at over seven-hundred and fifty individual craft, ranging from three hundred meters long frigates to what could only be described as super-dreadnaughts of over twenty-six kilometers.

The first waves of troop ships returned to drop off their passengers, and had just left to collect more when another alert rang across the bridge.

"General Kenobi, sir! One of the unknown ships is hailing us."

With a nod the battle plot winked out, replaced by two holographic figures. Count Duku was recognizable by his grey hair and wrinkled face, but the other was completely alien to Obi-wan. Its shriveled, almost bulbous head seemed to strain its serpentine neck, and garishly-colored robes failed to hide its frail body. As it spoke with an air of condescending pity from atop its throne-like gravity chair, its limbs could almost be heard to creak under the stress of its grandiose gestures.

"Greetings, you poor, misguided!"

The creature trailed off, as if noticing its audience for the first time. Confusion twisted its already-thin features into knots, before shifting through shock to settle on undisguised disgust and hatred. "What? More humans?" it spat, stunning Jedi and Sith alike with its venom. "How many worlds must we purge of your filth?! Fleetmaster, prepare to!"

The rest of the decrepit aggressor's order was cut off with the comm link, but the silence did not last long.

"Sir," one officer called out. "Sensors are picking up massive energy buildup on the enemy ships. They're preparing to fire!"

"Most of the Separatist ships have jumped into hyper, sir," another announced. "Only two are still here, probably too damaged to make the jump."

Obi-wan Kenobi gave one last glance to the spot where the alien's hologram once stood, then turned to shout the only order he could think of. "Tell the dropships to hurry up! Anyone not on board when that fleet opens fire is being left behind."

"They're still five minutes out, and the energy buildup peaks in! Now! Enemy ships have opened fire! Ten seconds to impact!"

"Get us out of here! Now!"

In the blink on an eye, the advancing wall of plasma warped into the unearthly streaks of hyperspace.

No one could tell how long they simply waited, breathless from the adrenalin surge. Silence reigned, and any attempt to report the losses was crushed under the weight of them. Even when one brave officer spoke up, it was in a hollow whisper that could only be heard due to the mute void that encompassed the rest of the room. "General Kenobi, sir, the Adamant, Nearsworth, and Tatooine's Wind failed to make the jump to hyperspace. Remaining ships report less than seventeen percent of their groundside compliments recovered."

With a sigh, Obi-wan turned to respond. "Open communications with the stranded troopers."

"Yes, sir."

Once again the central hologram projector formed a figure, this time

dressed in the distinctive armor plating of a clone soldier. "General Kenobi, sir!" He saluted briefly, glancing up worriedly as he did. "If you don't mind me asking sir, what the hell happened up there? We've got hundreds of ships moving into position over the planet, but nothing's coming down from them."

"I don't know," Obi-wan tried to sound calming, "but if they ask for your surrender, give it to them. We'll try toâ€"."

He was suddenly cut off by a terrible rising shriek as the line was shot with static. The trooper on the other end looked up in shock. "Whaâ€"e? The shiâ€"re chargiâ€"eapons! Oh â€"ey're gonâ€"ire on the plaâ€".." The signal became lost, but the implications of the clone's final message soon hit like a literal hammer blow.

Fear.

Pain.

A shockwave of raw terror and agony screamed through the Force. It battered his mind like a storm, tearing at him until he was sure it would consume him. And when at last the echoed deaths of billions faded away, it left behind a void deeper and more terrible than the vacuum of space. For a brief eternity, he was left teetering on the edge of a hole in the Force itself.

The next thing Obi-wan knew, he was on his hands and knees staring at a splattering of his own bile and surrounded by concerned crewmen. Steadying himself on offered hands and a nearby console, he stumbled to his feet and wiped his sweat-soaked face. "The council," he murmured. "Call the council, and the Senate. They need to know about this. We need to act quickly, before theseâ€" monsters strike again."

* * *

><p>Author's Notes: Star Wars V.S. Halo is one of the bigger fandom conflicts of the sci-fi genre, and one I've wanted to try my hand at for quite some time. The main problem I have with how others compare the two is that the poor Halo-ites were almost always put up against the Empire, with its moon-sized superweapon and nigh-unchallenged control of the galaxy. The Forerunners might have been able to handle that, but the UNSC or Covenant would probably get crushed in short order (Death Star O.P.).<p>

During the Clone Wars however, they stood a fighting chance. The galaxy was divided, clone production could barely outpace the casualties of fighting legions of budget-battledroids, and many resources had already been consumed in the years of fighting (not to mention the whole Sith Conspiracy thing). If there was ever a time to strike, that would be it.

Of course, the UNSC would either pick a side or sit things out. They're not really the conquering type, but the Covenant could be tricked led to not only declare war on both sides, but to commit an act that would demonize them in the eyes of the galaxy as they already were to the humans back home (namely, glassing a defenseless, heavily-populated planet).

Presto! Instant conflict!

Okay, this part is probably going to piss off a lot of Star Wars fans: I have not read the library's worth of expanded universe (novels, comics, etc.), and I intend to do only a bare minimum of research into it lest something pop up to completely wreck my plans. Instead I'm going on my hazy recollections of the trilogies and Clone Wars cartoons (and the movies that came with that), and I am going to headcanon the smurf out of things.

For starters:

I do not know the history of the Star Wars universe as it pertains to before the clone wars or after the Rebellion. I know the Jedi and Sith hate each other with an ancient passion, but that's it. Anything else shall be dragged from the deepest depths of where the sun don't shine (read: not the closet). If you know of something that you think should be factored in, bring it up in a review and I will get back to you.

The wiki may say the Republic has fleets of thousands, but I don't buy it. At no point in any of the movies or shows have I seen more than a dozen warships in any one place. I'm willing to give the benefit of the doubt, but only for so much: As of the beginning of this story, total ship strength of the Republic and Separatist fleets shall not exceed five hundred hulls each, divided into about a dozen battlegroups of varying size.

Lightsabres, blasters and the like shall be plasma-based instead of whatever technobabble they are in canon, mainly for the purpose of interacting with the Covenant's weapon and shield tech. Lightsabres can deflect plasma bolts (of reasonable size; no playing tennis with a Wraith), Energy Shields and Blades can block blaster shots, and sparks will fly when swords cross.

The Force will not be the end-all, be-all of the battlefield. No crushing minds like a sparrow's egg between Zangrief's thighs, no dragging ships out of orbit like some sort of Space-Kraken, and no Force-Choking entire legions to death. Use of the Force shall incur exponential cost for range, power, and area of effect. In addition, the subject must be visible to the user to be targeted directly (as with a Force-Choke); merely sensing shall be sufficient only for AOE attacks.

Other things may be changed as the story progresses. You have been warned.

Also, consider yourselves warned that this will not be updated soon, frequently, or consistently. I do not actually have anything planned out beyond "lets you and him fight."

End
file.